

HANOVER, SEPT. 3, 1803.

HINDU PHILOSOPHER.

DEARLY BELOVED EL HASSAN,

IMMENSE oceans roll a waste of water, and unexplored continents stretch their regions between SHANCOOLEN and those he loves.

How often does my heart sigh for the shady bowers of Agra, my dear native land; how o I dwell upon those happy days, when in company with thee, I wandered in the flowery vale of Cashmere; —walked by moon-light upon the banks of the ancient Indus; —watched the revolutions of the bear, and the setting of Orion, from the top of Mathura; visited the venerable abodes of the Bramins, upon the borders of the sacred Ganges; or plunged my limbs in its purifying waves? In search of knowledge, to which my life has been devoted, we then explored the immense regions of Hindustan, and surveyed the inhabitants of Ceylon, breathing aromatic gales, and the wretched outcast, who gathers gems in the mines of Golconda.

To a real philosopher, man is the most interesting subject of contemplation. Majestic mountains, magnificent rivers, flowery vales, and boundless landscapes, occur in every country, and are presented to every eye.

Even those regions, where cold and darkness, in one unceasing night, usurp the empire of half the year; and where, during that period, the eye surveys nothing but one boundless waste of snow; still enjoy an equal period of day; when the sun does not set, verdure springs upon the hills, and animals sport upon the plains, and birds flutter in the air.

Then, perhaps, the Greenlander, beholding his fields, lately buried in snow, but now verdant and beautiful, feels no less delight than the native of ORIXA, who reclines beneath bowers, that are always green, and listens to the bubbling of streams that are never arrested by frost; and while contemplating his mountains, whose sides are verdant, but whose tops are covered with everlasting snow, or surveying those huge drifts of ice, which, while they lift their sparkling turrets to the sun, are driven by impetuous billows upon the rocks, which lie concealed in the ocean, perhaps he enjoys a degree of pleasure, which may compensate for the want of vales smiling with the Lotos, and hills shaded by the Vine.

But my dear El Hassan, although my senses are perpetually alive to the charming variety of natural scenes, which the face of the earth every where exhibits; still, MAN is my object, for I my self am a Man.

My three last epistles were employed in delineating the doctrines of the new female philosophy, and their influence upon the female character in America. The remainder of this epistle I shall devote to an exhibition of the existing character and pursuits of the female sex in this country, distributing them, as far as possible, into general classes.

Those, whom native depravity, or the arts of seduction, have exposed to the degradation of mercenary intercourse, are comparatively few; but still they are so numerous, especially in the great towns, as frequently to excite both pity and disgust.

It is certainly a just law, although it is a severe one, which virtuous societies universally have established, that a single error in the great article of female purity, should brand its unfortunate subject with a degree of infamy, which no lapse of time, and no future course of virtue, can entirely obliterate.

But it is much to be regretted, that legislators and patriots have not established some school of reformation, where these unfortunate beings may take refuge from guilt, disease, and infamy, and

by a course of sober industry, and of regular conduct, procure an honest support, make some advances towards a recovery of reputation, and some progress in real virtue. But, in most countries, they are shunned and abandoned by all, except those, whom guilty passions stimulate to seek out the abodes of infamy and wretchedness. To the honor of this metropolis, however, be it recorded, that an institution, founded upon the most benevolent principles, has been lately established for the purpose specified above.

After we have excluded the infamous and abandoned, the women of this country may be distributed, with tolerable correctness, into three descriptions.

There is a class, whom both nature and education have destined to move in the humblest walks of life. They are ignorant, patient, and laborious; commonly faithful to their families; they wear out life in hard labor for their support. —Their time is divided between slothful servitude, and sluggish repose; and the only recreation, which they enjoy, is an occasional visit to the neighboring women of the same degree, when their vanity is gratified by a display of their best apparel, a little Bohemia recreates the spirits, and the village stories employ the tongue. On Sunday, also, the day of worship, they sometimes appear at church, where, as it usually happens to ladies of superior rank, nothing apparently, engages their attention less, than the exercises of the day. Upon the whole, this class of women are confined to a sphere of life, where little can be enjoyed, tho' much must be endured.

Of the two other classes, the *ladies of quality*, in every thing, but the degree of happiness, which they enjoy, form the perfect contrast to the one last described.

With ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~more~~ ^{more} ~~fortunate~~ ^{fortunate} ~~constitute~~ ^{constitute} ~~a~~ ^a great business of life. Their time is divided between the transports of dissipation, and the littleness of *ennui*. When evening arrives, the fair creature rolls in the gilded chariot to the play house. There the splendor of the lights, of the scenery, and the company, with the strains of the music, and the tones, dress and action of the players, lay hold on her senses, warm her imagination to rhapsody, and produce a temporary impression, that she is transported to a new and more exalted state of things, where grief is despair, and love is extacy. She mourns for poor *Monimia*, weeps for hapless *Desdemona*, and glows with rage at the black crimes of *Milkwood*.

[To be continued.]

BIOGRAPHY.

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MEMOIRS OF THE REV. JAMES SAURIN.
[Continued from Tablet No. II.]

IN 1708, Mr. Saurin published a volume of his Sermons, which attracted much notice. In this volume are three discourses on "A procrastinated Repentance;" and two on "The unpardonable Sin;" peculiarly eloquent and judicious, which have never yet been translated into English. In 1712 he published a second volume of Sermons; another a few years after, to which he prefixed a masterly dedication to George the Second. In 1722 he published a fourth, and in 1725 a fifth volume of his Sermons, which he dedicated to Queen Caroline. George the Second, in consideration of his eminent abilities, granted him an annual pension.

Having acquired great celebrity by his discourses, Mr. Saurin embarked in an undertaking of a very extensive nature, but which he did not live to complete. This was his celebrated "Dissertations, historical, critical, and moral, on the most memorable events of the Old and New Testament." This was a grand and magnificent work. His first intention was merely to have published a set of prints with titles and explanations; but as he found he had been anticipated in this design by

Fontaine among the Catholics, and Bagnay among the Protestants, he adopted a more novel plan. He lived only to see two volumes finished of this admirable work, in which critical learning and profound theological knowledge is displayed in an uncommon manner. The Christian and the heathen writers, philosophers, poets, orators, historians, and critics, are cited with the utmost profusion. Mr. Roques completed the third, and aided a fourth volume on the Old Testament; and the celebrated Beaufobie subjoined two on the New Testament. The whole work forms six volumes in folio. The fund of information it contains renders it not only "Well worth the careful perusal of students in divinity;" but fitted for the library of every man of taste and science. The first volume was translated into English by Mr. Chamberlaine, soon after the original was published at the Hague. "A republication of Mr. Chamberlaine's volume, (says Dr. Hunter) and a translation of the other five, would be an important, and no doubt, an acceptable addition to English literature."

In 1727, Mr. Saurin published a little volume on the state of Christianity in France. The last work of this illustrious divine proved fatal to his peace and repose, and disturbed the tranquility of the residue of his days; nay, such were its dreadful consequences as to shorten them, and abridge his most valuable life. This work was entitled "A Dissertation on the Expediency of sometimes disengaging the Truth;" this occasioned a controversy equally furious and bitter as the famed Bangorian controversy, at the beginning of this century. Little did this excellent man expect so furious a storm to arise from a cause so trivial. As an historian, he faithfully detailed every argument used by those who urged the expediency of disengaging the truth at certain times: Far from adopting the maxim *minimorum*, he left the question undecided; but a host of malignant adversaries, and puny critics, jealous of the high reputation in which Mr. Saurin was held, seized this occasion to vent their spleen and malice, in attacking the thesis on which he had written. They made the most savage, rash, and indecent attacks upon himself, and had the effrontery to slander his character. His principal antagonist was one Arnaud de la Chapelle, whose name only is preserved, to be gibbeted to posterity: To this impudent scribbler Francis Michael Garnison replied with infinite wit and humour, in his "Lettres Serieuses et Jocosees," several of which are written in support of Mr. Saurin. To Arnaud de la Chapelle, other adversaries joined themselves against Saurin; some there were who wished to convict him of heresy, but made no personal attacks. The gentle Saurin was too susceptible of this brutal treatment. The dispute was at length brought before the synod of Campden, who in May 1730, ordered the churches of Utrecht, Leyden, and Amsterdam, to make their examinations, and report the result of them to the synod of the Hague, which was to sit in the September following. Commissioners were appointed for this purpose; the synod of Campden gave its opinion, and that of the Hague confirmed it: but having made no mention of the instructions sent to the Walloon church at Utrecht, that assembly complained, and ordered Mr. Bonvoisin, one of its ministers, to justify his proceedings and his doctrines. This he did in a volume published soon after, entitled "The Triumph of Truth and Peace; or Reflections on the most important Events attending the last Synod, assembled to determine in the case of Messieurs Saurin and Maty."

But amidst this war of synods, and absurd ecclesiastical proceedings (for Saurin had immediately, upon the breaking out of this controversy, delivered a statement of his sentiments to the protestant churches; and what could they with more?) The innocent sufferer breathed his last, and died a martyr to the rage of illiberal critics, literary rivals, and ungenerous ecclesiastics. The wound he received was too deep to be healed, and he died of grief, December 20, 1730, aged only 52. Thus

LITERARY TABLET.

was religion and literature deprived of one of its brightest ornaments ; the protestant reformed churches of one of its most able and faithful ministers ; and the world of a christian, a gentleman, and a scholar. By his lady Mr. Saurin had one son, Philip, who afterwards published a volume of his father's sermons, and dedicated them to Queen Caroline. The person of Mr. Saurin was elegant and graceful, having early embraced the military profession ; he acquired that elegance of address, that politeness, and suavity of manners which rendered him so universally acceptable to persons of the highest rank. His dress was that of the French clergy, the gown and the cassock. His doctrine was moderate Calvinism : He was an admirable scholar ; but what enhances his merit, is, that he had an unconquerable aversion to sin, a supreme love to God, and to the souls of men ; and his life was truly amiable and excellent ; certainly (says Mr. Robinson) he had some faults ; but as I have never heard of any, I can publish none.

His Sermons have been universally admired, and nothing does greater honor to the discernment of the present age, than the avidity with which the public have received six volumes of his discourses ; it is to be regretted, that even one of his incomparable sermons should be veiled from public view, by remaining in its original language. Five volumes were published during his life, and seven have been added since his decease. Of these twelve volumes, six have been presented to the public in an English dress, five translated most admirably by the late Rev. Robert Robinson, of Chestertown, near Cambridge, and one volume added lately by Dr. Hunter ; these are truly beautiful and sublime, being principally on sacramental occasions. Cardinal Maury, but a feeble critic, in his remarks on the eloquence of the pulpit and the bar, amidst some severe criticisms on Saurin's discourses, has paid a flattering compliment to his splendid talents*. The editor of this collection who has ever perused the sermons of Saurin with peculiar pleasure, has endeavored to select such passages, as he trusts will prove highly interesting, and suit the taste of every reader into whose hands it may come ; and should it meet with a favorable reception, he will be inclined to compose another volume, consisting of passages selected from those Sermons which have never been translated.

He now sends this little volume into the world earnestly wishing that it may prove useful and beneficial, as an antidote to those pernicious deistical publications, which the Paines, the Godwins, and the Holcroft's of the age, are so industriously circulating, to blind the eyes and corrupt the hearts of the children of men : May it prove, under divine influence, the means of reclaiming the infidel, and of "building up God's own people in their most holy faith."

* See the Discourse of his eminence lately translated into English, with large and copious notes, by JOHN NEAL LAKE, D. D.

BEAUTIES OF SAURIN.

THE MINISTERIAL OFFICE.

WHAT is the profession of a minister ?—It is to devote himself wholly to truth and virtue ; to set the whole church an example ; to search into hospitals and cottages ; to relieve the miseries of the sick and the poor ; it is to determine himself in his studies, not by what will acquire him reputation for learning and eloquence, but by what will be most useful to his people over whom he is set : it is to regulate his choice of subjects, not by what will make himself shine, but by what will most benefit the people among whom he exercises his ministry : it is to take as much care of a dying person in an obscure family, lying on a bed of straw, lost in oblivion and silence, as of him who, with an illustrious name, lives amidst silver and gold, and for whom the most magnificent and pompous funeral honors will be prepared : it is to cry aloud, to lift up his voice like a trumpet, and shew the people their transgressions, and the

house of Israel their sins : it is to "know no man after the flesh," when he ascends the pulpit boldly to reprove vice, how eminent soever the seat of it may be. What is the usual conduct of a minister ?—O God ! enter not into judgment with thy servants, for we cannot answer one complaint of a thousand !

HYPOCRISY.

A Hypocrite puts on all the appearance of religion, and adorns himself with the most sacred part of it. Observe his deportment—it is an affected gravity which nothing can alter. Hear his conversation, he talks with a studied industry on the most solemn subjects—he is full of sententious sayings and pious maxims, and so severe that he is ready to take offence at the most innocent actions. Mind his dress it is precise and particular, and a sort of sanctity is affected in all his furniture, and all his equipage. Follow him into a place of worship, there particularly his hypocrisy erects its tribunal, and there he displays his religion in all its pomp ; there he seems more assiduous than the most wise and zealous Christians ; there he lifts up his eyes to Heaven, there he sighs, there he beweeps the earth with his tears—in one word, whatever seems venerable in the church, he takes pains to practise, and pleasure to display.



From EDGARWORTH'S *Practical Education*.

WHATEVER is connected with pain or pleasure commands our attention ; but to make this general observation useful in education, we must examine what degrees of stimulus are necessary for different pupils and in different circumstances.—We have formerly observed, that it is not prudent early to use violent or continual stimulus either of a painful or a pleasurable nature, to excite children to application ; because we should by an intemperate use of these, weaken the mind, and because we may with a little patience obtain all we can without these expedients. Besides these reasons, there is another potent argument against using violent motives to excite attention ; such motives frequently distract and dissipate the very attention which they attempt to fix. If a child be threatened with severe punishment, or flattered with the promise of some delicious reward, in order to induce his performance of any particular task, he desires instantly to perform the task : but this desire will not ensure his success ; unless he has previously acquired the habit of voluntary exertion, he will not be able to turn his mind from his ardent wishes, even to the means of accomplishing them. He will be in the situation of Alnaschar in the Arabian Tales, who, whilst he dreamt of his future grandeur, forgot his immediate business. The greater his hope or fear, the greater the difficulty of employing himself. To teach any new habit or art, we must not employ any alarming excitements ; small, certain, regularly recurring motives, which interest, but which do distract the mind, are evidently the best.

The ancient inhabitants of Minorca were said to be the best slingers in the world ; when they were children, every morning what they were obliged to eat was slightly suspended to high poles, and they were obliged to throw down their breakfast with their slings from the places where they were suspended, before they could satisfy their hunger. The motive seems to have been here well proportioned to the effect that was required ; it could not be any great misfortune to a boy to go without his breakfast ; but as this motive returned every morning, it became sufficiently serious to the hungry slingers. It is impossible to explain this subject so as to be of use, without descending to minute particulars. When a mother says to her little daughter, as she places on the table before her a bunch of ripe cherries ; " tell me, my dear, how many cherries are there, and I will give them to you ;" the child's attention is fixed instantly ; there is a sufficient motive, not a motive which excites any violent passions, but which raises just such a degree of hope as is necessary to produce attention. The little girl, if she knows from experience that her mother's promise will be kept,

and that her own patience is likely to succeed, counts the cherries carefully, has her reward, and upon the next similar trial she will from this success be still more disposed to exert her attention. The pleasure of eating cherries, associated with the pleasure of success, will balance the pain of a few moments prolonged application ; by degrees the cherries may be withdrawn, the association of pleasure will remain. Objects, or thoughts that have been associated with pleasure, retain the power of pleasure ; as the needle touched by the lodestone acquires polarity, and retains it long after the lodestone is withdrawn.



For the TABLET.

THE MARCHIONESS DE GANGE,
An authenticated fact of ancient date ; from a work entitled "Trials and Cases in Law," translated from the French by Guyot de Pitaval. A selection of the most curious and interesting of which, have been extracted and embellished by Charlotte Smith. ANTOINETTE.

THE MARCHIONESS DE GANGE.

IT has been asserted, that there is in human nature a propensity to every kind of evil ; and that persons of the best disposition, and most liberal education, may find themselves in such situations as will, if their passions are suffered to predominate, betray them into the most frightful excesses, into crimes which cannot be related without horror.

Under the dominion of such dreadful passions, the abbe and the chevalier de Gange must have been, when they committed the inhuman cruelties, which are the subject of the following narrative.

The unfortunate victim of their malice and inhumanity, was the only daughter of the sieur de Rousson, of Avignon ; and though her birth was not noble, the splendid fortune she was to inherit from the sieur de Nocheret, her maternal grandfather, made her to be considered as a desirable match by the first nobility in the province.—Mademoiselle de Chateaublanc (as she was called before her marriage) was not only a rich heiress, but one of the loveliest women in France ; and the description that remains of her person, which paints her as possessed of almost every perfection that adorns the female form, corresponds with the miniature which is extant of her, drawn by Mignard, and allowed to be one of his most exquisite performances. With so much personal beauty, with a soft and compassionate heart, senee rather solid than lively, a temper serene and gentle, and manners calculated to adorn and enjoy society, she was married at the age of thirteen, to the marquis de Casteline, grand-son of the duke de Villars. This young man was of an illustrious family, handsome and well made, and had received an excellent education, which heightened the good qualities he inherited from nature.—They were married in the year 1649, and the marquis soon afterwards carried his wife to court, where such a blazing star could not appear without attracting universal admiration. She was immediately acknowledged the reigning beauty of the season, and that gay and gallant monarch Louis the fourteenth, was himself insensible of her uncommon attractions—admiration of so flattering a nature as would have intoxicated any other young person.—At some of those magnificent spectacles that were given at court, the king chose madame de Casteline for his partner in dancing ; where her elegant dress, which was most fortunately chosen, and the grace with which she performed, gave new lustre to her charming face and figure. She was less known at court by the name of the marchioness de Casteline, than by that of the beautiful Provencal. In the midst

of this dissipated circle, so dangerous to a very young person, the fair madame de Castiline continued perfectly to possess her reason; and to those with whom she was intimate declared, that she felt the emptiness and fallacy of the pleasures with which she was surrounded, and that they afforded her no real satisfaction. It is not to be supposed, however, that envy would wholly spare a woman so universally admired. Some adventures of gallantry were attributed to her, which those who knew her best, declared to be totally void of foundation; and, as no better proof was ever offered of their reality than the scandal of the day, it is probable they were the inventions of malice and disappointment, always ready to raise, against superior excellence, reports, which idleness and folly are as ready to propagate.

Surrounded with gaieties and luxuries, admired by those who saw her, beloved by those who knew her, madame de Castiline continued some time at court. And there she heard the melancholy account of the loss of the galley in which her husband some short time before had embarked, who being overtaken by a storm on the coast of Sicily, perished, together with all those who were on board. Sincerely afflicted at his death, she retired to the house of a friend, madame d'Albigny, till the regulation of her affairs obliged her to return to Avignon. When she arrived at her native place, neither the pleasures of liberty, which she might now enjoy, being a widow in the earliest bloom of youth, nor the effect that her charms (which received new splendour from the dark contrast of her weeds) had on all who beheld her, could engage her to continue in the world—and she retired for a considerable time to a convent, where she permitted none to see her but her particular friends, or such as had business with her relative to her estate. But as soon as the severe confinement to which she thought it right to conform, during the first year of her widowhood, began to relax, through the solicitation of her friends, a crowd of lovers surrounded her—and among the most conspicuous, was the young marquis de Gange. This person was not less a model of manly beauty, than that of the marchioness de Castiline, of female grace and loveliness. His posture was perfectly suitable, and his rank illustrious, being baron de Languedoc, marquis de Gange, and governor of St. Andre. His manners were extremely engaging, and his age did not much exceed twenty—and so well did the exterior qualities of these young persons appear to correspond, that it struck all who knew them, that they were designed by heaven for each other. Madame de Castiline, insensible of every other passion, soon felt and returned that of monsieur de Gange.

This second marriage took place in 1658, and the world applauded a union, which seemed so likely to secure the happiness of both parties. But however in outward advantages they appeared to agree, their souls were very different. Proud, fierce, capricious, obstinate, and gloomy,—how little the marquis de Gange resembled her, with whom his destiny was united!—For some time, however, after their marriage, he concealed, under the fond attentions of the lover and the bridegroom, that unhappy temper, and those unpleasant manners, that afterwards appeared in the husband—and the beautiful marchioness, who was herself all truth and mildness, never suspected him to be otherwise than he then appeared.—Alas! to these halcyon days he no longer thought it worth his while to disguise his disposition. Ennui and disgust insensible took possession of the marquis, who began to mix again with the societies he had quitted on his marriage; and the marchioness, being left to follow her own amusements, returned to be again the admiration of the crowd, she had deserted for him; but it

was merely for amusement she did so; and not with any design of engaging in affairs of gallantry. She never seriously listened to any of her admirers; but, as soon as she perceived an attachment forming, that was likely to create any real uneasiness, she either wholly excluded such pretenders from her society; or, if she admitted them to it, received them with so much coolness, that the vainest among them soon found they had nothing to hope. But though her conduct was perfectly innocent, the marquis (conscious perhaps of the inequality of their minds) beheld it with jealousy and mistrust. His temper, naturally morose and vindictive, was much disposed to suspicion; and his humour became every day more teasing and disagreeable to his wife—Yet, as a jealous husband is in France an object of ridicule, and as he could find nothing in the conduct of madame de Gange, on which to found any real complaint, he constrained himself as much as he could, and suffered the uneasiness of his mind to appear only in the invincible ill temper with which he received his wife—by which, if she had really had the inclinations he suspected her of, he would only have accelerated the evil he so greatly dreaded.

(To be continued.)



THE STORY OF A DISABLED SOLDIER.

[BY GOLDSMITH.]

NO observation is more common, and at the same time more true, than, That one half of the world are ignorant how the other half lives. The misfortunes of the great are held up to engage our attention; are enlarged upon in tones of declamation; and the world is called upon to gaze at the noble sufferers: the great under the pressure of calamity, are conscious of several others sympathizing with their distress; and have, at once, the comfort of admiration and pity.

There is nothing magnanimous in bearing misfortunes with fortitude, when the whole world is looking on: men in such circumstances will act bravely, even from motives of vanity; but who, in the vale of obscurity, can bray adversity; who, without friends to encourage, acquaintance to pity, or even without hope to alleviate his misfortunes, can behave with tranquillity and indifference, is truly great; whether peasant or courier, he deserves admiration, and should be held up for our imitation and respect.

While the slightest inconveniences of the great are magnified into calamities; while tragedy mouths out their suffering in all the strains of eloquence; the miseries of the poor are entirely disregarded; and yet some of the lower ranks of people undergo more real hardships in one day than those of a more exalted station suffer in their whole lives. It is inconceivable what difficulties the meanest of our common sailors and soldiers endure without murmuring or regret; without passionately declaiming against Providence, or calling their fellows to be gazers on their intrepidity. Every day is to them a day of misery, and yet they entertain their hard fate without repining.

With what indignation do I hear an Ovid, a Cicero, or a Rabutin, complain of their misfortunes and hardships, whose great calamity was that of being unable to visit a certain spot of earth, to which they had foolishly attached an idea of happiness! Their distresses were pleasures, compared to what many of the adventuring poor every day endure without murmuring. They ate, drank, and slept; they had slaves to attend them; and were sure of subsistence for life: while many of their fellow-creatures are obliged to wander without a friend to comfort or assist them, and even without shelter from the severity of the season.

I have been led into these reflections from accidentally meeting, some days ago, a poor fellow, whom I knew when a boy, dressed in a sailor's jacket, and begging at one of the outlets of the town with a wooden leg. I knew him to have been honest and industrious when in the country,

and was curious to learn what had reduced him to his present situation. Wherefore, after having given him what I thought proper, I desired to know the history of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he was reduced to his present distress. The disabled soldier, for such he was, though dressed in a sailor's habit, scratching his head, and leaning on his crutch, put himself into an attitude to comply with my request, and gave me his history as follows:

"As for my misfortunes, master, I can't pretend to have gone through any more than other folks; for, except the loss of my limb, and my being obliged to beg, I don't know any reason, thank heaven, that I have to complain: there is Bill Tibbs, of our regiment, he has lost both his legs, and an eye to boot: but thank Heaven, it is not so bad with me yet.

"I was born in Shropshire; my father was a labourer, and he died when I was five years old; so that I was put upon the parish. As he had been a wandering sort of a man, the parishioners were not able to tell to what parish I belonged, or where I was born, so they sent me to another parish and that parish sent me to a third. I thought in my heart, they kept sending me about so long, that they would not let me be born at any parish at all; but at last, however, they fixed me. I had some disposition to be a scholar, and was resolved, at least, to know my letters; but the master of the work-house put me to business as soon as I was able to handle a mallet; and here I lived an easy kind of a life for five years. I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true, I was not suffered to stir out of the house, for fear, as they said, I should run away; but what of that. I had the liberty of the whole house, and the yard before the door, and that was enough for me. I was then bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late; but I eat and drank well, and liked my business well enough, till he died, when I was obliged to provide for myself; so I was resolved to go seek my fortune.

"In this manner I went from town to town, worked when I could get employment, and starved when I could get none; when happening one day to go through a field belonging to a justice of peace, I spy'd a hare crossing the path just before me; and I believe the devil put it in my head to fling my stick at it:—well, what will you have on't? I killed the hare, and was bringing it away, when the justice himself met me; he called me a poacher and a villain; and, collaring me, desired I would give an account of myself. I fell upon my knees, and begged his worship's pardon, and began to give a full account of all that I knew of my breed, seed, and generation; but though I gave a very true account, the justice said I could give no account; so I was indicted at sessions, found guilty of being poor, and sent up to London to Newgate, in order to be transported as a vagabond.

(To be continued.)



AN INDIAN FABLE.

THE Indian fabulists tell us, that a good, beautiful, young, and well proportioned, once made his appearance in a nation of hump-backed people. This god, say they, entering the capital, was in a short time surrounded by multitudes of the inhabitants. His figure appeared very extraordinary, and their laughter and sarcasms declared their astonishment. They would have carried their affrights still farther, had not one of the inhabitants, who had doubtless seen other men, cried out in order to protect him—"O, my friends, what are you going to? Let us not insult this unhappy piece of deformity: If heaven has lavished on us all the gifts of beauty; if it has adorned our backs with mountains of flesh, let us be filled with gratitude, repair to the temple, and return thanks to the omnipotent gods."

This fable is the history of human vanity. All people admire their own defects, and despise the opposite qualities. To succeed in any country, we must carry the bigness of the nation into which we travel.

LITERARY TABLET.

THE GAMESTER.

AH ! what is he whose haggard eye
Scarce dares to meet the morning ray ?
Who trembling would, but cannot fly
From man and from the busy day ?
Mark how his lip is fever'd o'er,
Behold his cheek how deathly it appears !
See how his blood-shot eye-balls pour
A burning torrent of unpitied tears !

Now watch the varying gesture, wild,
See how his tortured bosom heaves !
Behold, Misfortune's wayward child,
For whom no kindred nature grieves,
Despised, detested, ruined lost !
His fortune, health, and reputation flown ;
On misery's stormy ocean toss,
Condemn'd to curse his fate ; and curse alone !

Once were his prospects bright and gay,
And independence brief his hours :
His was the smooth and sunny way,
Where pleasure tip-toe scatter'd flowers.
Love bound his brow with thornless sweets
And smiling friendship fill'd his cup of joy :
Now not a friend the victim meets,
For like a wolf he wanders to destroy.

All day upon a couch of thorn
His weary fewish limbs recline ;
All night distract'd and forlorn,
He hovers round the hateful shrine !
Eager to seize, with grasping hands,
The slender pittance of the easy fool ;
He links himself with caitiff bands,
And learns the lesson of the Gamester's school.

One hour elate with ill-got gold,
And dazzled with the shining store !
In plenitude of joys, behold
The Prodigal display his store !
The next in poverty and fear,
He bids him, trembling at approaching fate,
While greedy creditors appear,
And with remorseless rage lurk round the gate.

Then comes the horror-breading hour !
While recreant suicide attends ;
And madness with impetuous power,
The scene of desolation ends !
Upon his grave no parent mourns,
No widow'd love laments with graceful woe ;
No dawn of joy for him returns—
Tis heav'n denies that peace his frenzy lost below.

DICK STRYPE,

OR THE FORCE OF HABIT.

A TALE—BY TIMOTHY BRAMBLE.

HABITS are stubborn things :

And by the time a man is turn'd of forty,
His ruling passion's grown so haughty,
There is no clipping of its wings.
The truth will best be shewn,
By a familiar instance of our own.

Dick Strype
Was a dear friend and lover of the pipe :
He us'd to say, one pipe of Kirkman's best
Gave life a zest.
To him 'twas meat, and drink, and physic,
To see the friendly vapour
Curl round his midnight taper,
And the black fume
Clothe all the room
In clouds as dark as science metaphysic.
So fill he smok'd, and drank, and crack'd his
joke ;
And, had he single tarried,
He might have smok'd, and fill grown old in
smoke ;
But Richard married.
His wife was one, who carried
The cleanly virtues almost to a vice,
She was so nice :

And thrice a week, above, below,
The house was scour'd from top to toe,
And all the floors were rabb'd so bright,
You daid not walk upright
For fear of sliding ;
But that she took a pride in.

Of all things else Rebeca Strype
Could least endure a pipe.
She rail'd upon the filthy herb tobacco,
Protest'd that the noisome vapour
Had spoil'd the best chintz curtains and the pa-

per,
And cost her many a pound in stucco :
And then, she quoted our king James, who faith,
" Tobacco is the devil's breath."
When wives will govern, husbands must obey ;

For many a day
Dick mourn'd and mis'd his favourite tobacco,

And curs'd Rebeca.

At length the day approach'd, his wife must die :
Imagine now the doleful cry
Of female friends, old aunts, and cousins,
Who to the funeral came by dozens.
The undertaker's men and mates
Stood at the gate in sable suits,
With doleful looks,

Just like so many melancholy rooks.
Now cakes and wine are handed round,
Folks sigh, and drink, and drink, and sigh,
For grief makes people dry ;
But Dick is missing, no where to be found,
Above, below, about,
They search'd the house throughout,
Each hole and secret entry,
Quite from the garret to the pantry,
In every corner, cupboard, nook and shelf,
And all concluded he had hang'd himself.
At last they found him—reader, guess you where ?
'Twill make you flare—
Perch'd on Rebeca's coffin, at his rest,
Smoking a pipe of Kirkman's best !

A fig for his dials, his watches, and clocks,
He's best spent with the lass of the golden locks.

Than the swan, in the brook, she's more dear to
my sight,
Her mien is more stately, her breast is more white,
Her sweet lips are rubies, all rubies above,
They are fit for the language, or labour of love ;
At the park, in the street, at the play, in the box,
My lass bears the bell with her golden locks.

Her beautiful eyes, as they roll or they flow,
Shall be glad for my joy, or shall weep for my
woe ;
She shall ease my fond heart, and shall soothe
my soft pain,
While thousands of rivals are fighting in vain ;
Let them rail at the fruit, they can't reach like
the fox,
While I have the lass with the golden locks.

∞∞∞

MANNERS OF THE PARISIAN LADIES.

[From a French Journal.]

NEVER were women of ton more lightly clothed, and never was white so fashionable ; soap is become no less indispensable than bread. Our fair females are covered with transparent shawls, which float and flutter over their shoulders and upon their bosoms, which are seen through them ; with gauze veils, which conceal half of the face, to pique our curiosity ; and with robes so light, so lisse, so thin, that the wearer seems to be almost naked. In this sylph's dress they run from place to place all the morning, noon, and night ; one sees nothing but white shades flitting through every street. They pass before our eyes like the five figures of a picture : they appear to be without hands, but they speak with their eyes.—Needlework is unknown to them ; and they think themselves born for enjoyments, renewed without ceasing, and never interrupted. Among no people, in no time, in no city, have women enjoyed such an independence, or devoted themselves to such indolence.

Plato says, in his book upon laws, that the secret of increasing the number of men one half, would be to employ women in the same exercises as men.—Plato, says the beautiful Louisa, was a very impudent fellow !

Is it the revolution that has been the signal of this excessive liberty ? Twenty years ago young women would not have stirr'd a step from home without their mothers : they walked, as it were, under their wings ; their eyes modestly thrown upon the ground. The man whom they dared to look at was the one whom they were permitted to hope or chuse for a husband. Now they run about, morning and evening, in full liberty — to dress, to walk, play, laugh, draw cards, dispute about their adores ; such are their occupations : no scissars, no thimbles ; they know no wound, but that inflicted by the arrow of Cupid !—Who can calculate the effects of this new system of love—of this new career—open to passion, so ever active of itself ? The most improper books, too, get into their hands ; the poisonous foam of philosophy comes from their lips ; and licentiousness is mistake for love !

EPIGRAM.

Citizen Plum had a quarrelsome wife ;
Music was ever the cause of their strife.
Madam, one day, was abusing her Dear—
The topic, as usual, his want of an ear !—
" Hold thy tongue ! " replies Plum ; " for
Heav'n's sake, do :
" I pray thee consider, that I have got two ! "

Hanover, N. H.

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